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From the Democratic Review.

THE NIGHT.

Long hours, in an idle hour,
When lonely songs were free,
Have wished that I could have the power
Always awake to be;
That sleep might never seal my brain,
And never close my eye;

That I a double life might gain,
While others might die.

The dark hours often bring light.

With thoughts least clouded, ray
And therefore do I love the night.

Far better, like a mother pale,

A patient watch to keep.

And let each one rude sound sleep.

Earth's mid-worn children's sleep.

Living in the mournful wind.

A plaintive lullaby.

Or whisper in accents kind,

As love's half-tattered sigh.

The crescent moon, night's fairy host,

Without a sail or star,

With shining robe and plew, deth float.

To me, who in a while a century, have seen it

so signalized, the path now appears sufficiently indications.

The wilderness countries now form the heart and center of the republic, and are, in the language of speculation, an old country, whence new emigrants daily depart for a new border; which to us seems, however, in a few years, a cordon of sovereign States, sending out in like manner, their hosts of voluntary exiles.

And thus the work goes on—the building up

of a nation such as the world has never yet seen,

such as it has never yet imagined.

Croakers sit at

home and peat of dangers from abroad, of politi-

cal corruptions, and social disorganization, he-

rads of coming convolution; but all the while,

the emigrant is on the road, with his plough and

his ox, his axe and rifle, his sons and daughters,

to add a new State to the Bantams of nations

whom no Jupiter can hurl from the seat of pow-

er, or Juno overwhelm.

The roads are full of teams, the rivers alive with steamboats, turn

where you will, you see no gap in the human hil-

low, which rolling from the east, like the roar of a mighty river, the rushing masses of the Amazon or the Ganges, sweeps over forest and prairie, its march to the Pacific ocean.

When that has been gaed, when the Oregon boasts as many steamers as the Mississippi, and the Chippewas are as well pierce with railroads as the Alleghanies, we may look into the magician's glass for the fate of the enormous empire—or

rather for the fate of other empires, as outstrip-

ped and overshadowed rivals.

The rage of emigration, of which we need not

leave our home to witness the effects, one is al-

most tempted to consider a feature peculiar to

the race.

Pressed by no necessity—not pack-

ing poverty, such as drives the poor insinuate

from his mountain cot, no galling oppression of

tyrant and bigot, only to be escaped by expropria-

tion; yet ever changing, ever on the march, seek-

ing a new home; it would really seem as if there

was something nomadic in our nature, a principle

of levity and restlessness from which the pha-

shower, according to his mood, augur a super-

abundance of good or evil for the republic.

I have sometimes, while rambling among the

long trains of emigrant wagons, filling a southern

or western road, asked myself whether the love

of homes—that tender, and lovely, and soul-en-

riching sentiment so distinctive of the race from

which we boast to descend—was a poetic fiction

of those men who call themselves Americans.

Alas! joy and pain in the old gentleman's house,

and when he hears his neighbor's complaint of hard

times, or reads the melancholy croaking in the

county newspaper, he says, "men are black-

dogs," swears the world turns round to-day

as it did the day before;" and orders old Cesar

to bring him some fresh mint and a bottle of

brandy.

In the mean while a storm is brewing; crep-

tal, the races are run wrong; there are some ran-

gerous mortgages that plague him, and bonds and

notes of hand have fallen due at the most unex-

pected moment.

He receives letters from persons whom he calls "spiritual fathers," and others

again throw him into a passion. He is visited by

lawyers, who are agreeable at dinner, but draw

him into such a ferment before departing, and

he flings his son's law books out of the window,

swearingly, "no son of his shall become a rascally attorney."

Finally, the sheriff visits him, and then he is—ruined. His horses gone—his ne-

groes, his lands, his father's house—all fallen

from him, the proud old man turns his face to

the wilderness, where he may, with less shame, de-

scend to the labor that is to repair his broken

fortunes.

And here he is at last, upon the Mississippi, the

wilderness in his sight, his eye turned back like

his children's, his brain busy with old days, his

heart—ay, all their hearts, full of home, and Yer-

guna. You may read his thoughts; he thinks of

his proud domain, the inheritance of his children,

now in the possession of a stranger of the far

clime, in which he must bury the daughter of his

pride and affection; his heart sickens at the vi-

sion.

His sons remember their horses and hounds,

new balls and their barbecues, mere wealth and

influence, their brilliant hopes and towering pros-

pects, and contrast them with the life of trial and

obscenity to which they are hastening, never, per-

haps to emerge from it. Their sister thinks of what? Ah, yes, of her love! She hears his

footsteps on the gravel-walks of the place of birth.

"Yet all are not thus insensible. Poverty, de-

faced hopes, humble pride, send also their re-

presentatives to the border, among whom one

may sometimes see an eye mirred in tears, to the

blue horizon behind, and the visages full of the

crash of failing trees, awake her to a con-

sciousness of separation.

The boat touches the strand, they are in Ar-

ansas; where fancy as readily pictures the final

history of the whole family. The father will

prosper; he will again be a wealthy planter, with

a hundred negroes around him; and in ten years

he will go to Congress; not that he loves Con-

gress any more than ever, but that he may take a

step in Virginia, on the way, and show "the

swines who raised him" how they made his for-

ture; they shall see him richer, and higher, and

broad'er than ever. His sons; and the second

one will die a year of fever; the first-born so

full of aspect and temper, will still earlier per-

pish, perish in brand, the victim of bovine-kine.

The boy under the gentle influence of his sis-

ter, will grow up wild and wayward, and in him the

father will be content, and cease to grieve; for his

last-born, as for the daughter, so melancholy,

yet so beautiful, she will, marry and forget her

sorrows.

Manners and Customs in Louisiana.—The

Picayune tells a story of a clergyman in his neigh-

borhood who lately read the following announce-

ment after his sermon:

"I am requested to state that immediately af-

ter service this evening, there will be a race just

back of the church, two miles west, for a purse

of two hundred dollars—two mugs entered, and

hopes of another. I trust you will be there."

Beauty.—Remember, says Raleigh, that a

man's beauty, thou bimest thyself all the

time that perchance will neither last, or

please thee one year; and when hast it, it

will be to the no price at all, for the desire di-

ceases when it is attained; and the affection perishes

when it is satisfied.

THE ARKANSAS EMIGRANTS.

BY DR. R. M. POWELL.

Fifty years ago a philosopher sitting in his closet constructing the political microscope of our new born nation, proved most decidedly, among other undeniably positions, that the Kentucky and Niagara land, then all the rage among the emigrants, must continue to be frontier lands, for a century to come, and deplored the infatuation of men who—neglecting the unoccupied lands east of the mountains, of which there was enough and more than enough for the wants of many generations—exiled themselves to distant places, where they "must never hope to see their parents, their brothers and sisters, and other relations and friends whom they had left behind," where, during all that coming century, themselves and their children after them, must fight with desperate savages for the privileges of sowing and reaping their cornfields, and where, worst of all, after the trouble of fighting, they must, for lack of a market, sell their wheat for ten cents a bushel, to buy dollar blankets at half a gunnus a piece.

How rapidly fancy, awakened by that thrilling yell, rend in the visages of the emigrants; the gray old man so stern, yet sorrowing; the daughter clinging to his neck, yet still gazing wistfully back to the receding shore; the second son hugging his little brother in his arms, and covering him with kisses; the first born looking so cold and haughty, yet unhappy—how rapidly fancy traced the whole history of the little family. You could not mistake that old man, bearing himself in sorrow so loftily. He is a Virginian—an old Virginian—one of the fine old race of past days—a gentleman, but an unfortunate one. You see him in his brave old house at home. It is on the Potowmack, perched upon a hill, overshadowed by oaks and pines, planted by a grandpa some five or six generations removed; his negro quarters make a village; and so do his stables; for truly does he delight in his horse and hounds, and looks with contempt on Congressmen. He hath his friends about him, a multitude of good people, old and young, cavaliers that know the points of a horse or hound; and damsels and beauties that derive that divine gift of grace from him.

And thus the work goes on—the building up of a nation such as the world has never yet seen, such as it has never yet imagined. Croakers sit at home and peat of dangers from abroad, of political corruptions, and social disorganization, heralds of coming convolution; but all the while, the emigrant is on the road, with his plough and his ox, his axe and rifle, his sons and daughters, to add a new State to the Bantams of nations whom no Jupiter can hurl from the seat of power, or Juno overwhelm. The roads are full of teams, the rivers alive with steamboats, turn where you will, you see no gap in the human hillock, which rolling from the east, like the roar of a mighty river, the rushing masses of the Amazon or the Ganges, sweeps over forest and prairie, its march to the Pacific ocean. When that has been gaed, when the Oregon boasts as many steamers as the Mississippi, and the Chippewas are as well pierce with railroads as the Alleghanies, we may look into the magician's glass for the fate of the enormous empire—or rather for the fate of other empires, as outstripped and overshadowed rivals.

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